CROSSGENESIS™
CROSSGEN COMICS
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BRANDON VIES '99
Crossley

Welcome to the CrossGen™ Universe

You hold in your hands our very first issue, the first tantalizing glimpse of our universe, hinting at the scope of our dreams and the beginning of what we hope and expect will be a whole new stage for your imaginations to play upon. Replete with new worlds, new characters, and a satisfyingly complex integrated framework, we are committed to delivering a feast for both your eyes and your intellect.

CrossGen is both a bridge and a path. A bridge across your prior disappointments and a new path for the future of the comic craft. Anyone even remotely involved in this industry recognizes that the growing reader dissatisfaction is a clear signal that we who create comics haven't been doing our job well enough.

You have challenged all of us who love comics to deliver a better product. To meet that challenge, we at CrossGen have had to balance the responsibility of establishing the solid structural framework for a rich, full-bodied* universe, while not boring you to tears or taking you to school. We believe that ***CrossGenesis™***, ***CrossGen Chronicles™***, and the first three issues of ***Sigil™***, ***Scion™***, ***Mystic™***, and ***Meridian™*** address both needs. We at CrossGen challenge you to read us, judge us, and spread the word.

Mark

**(no, it's not a cup of coffee)*

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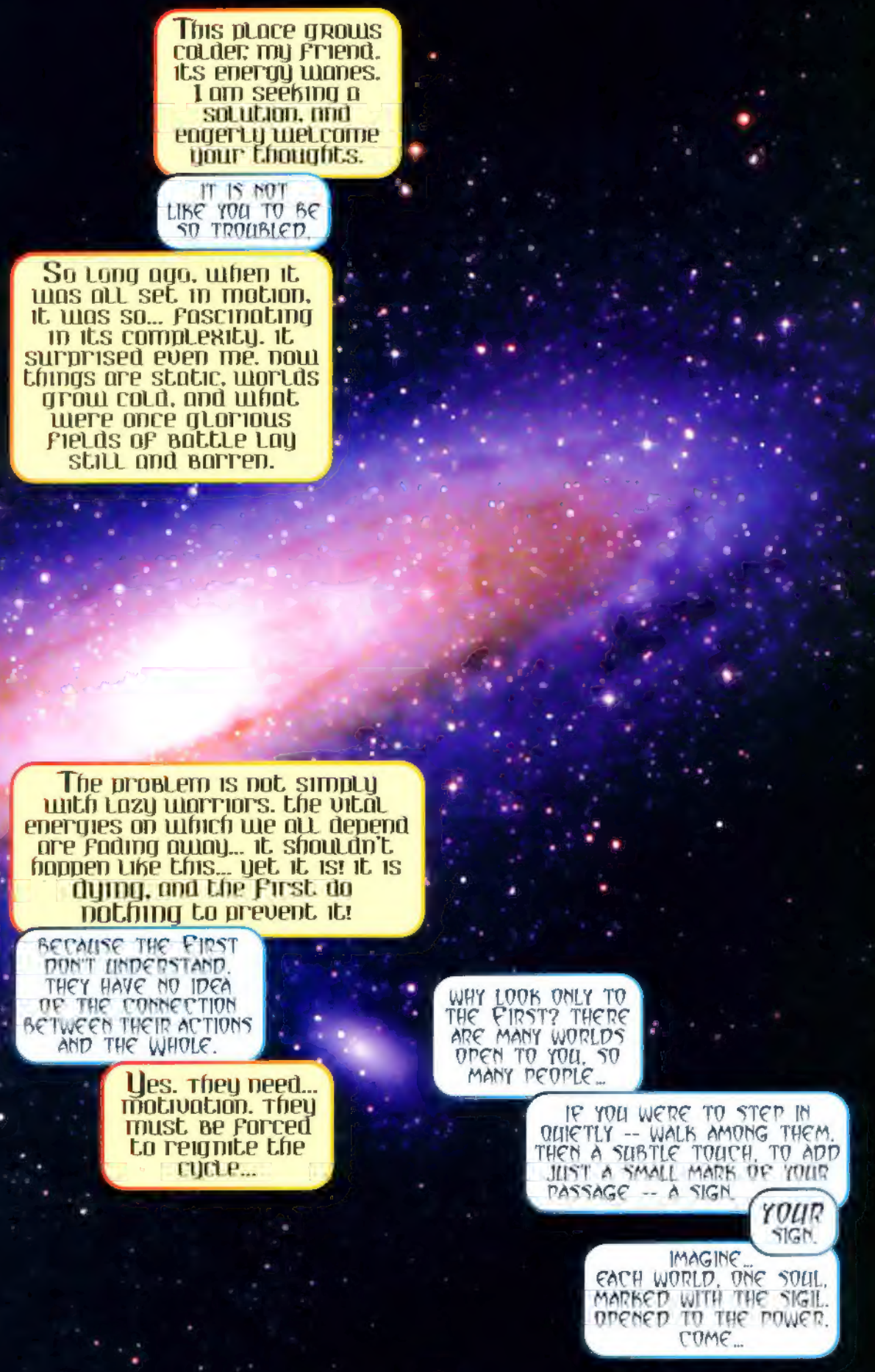
This place grows colder, my friend. Its energy wanes. I am seeking a solution, and eagerly welcome your thoughts.
It is not like you to be so troubled.
So long ago, when it was all set in motion, it was so... fascinating in its complexity. It surprised even me. Now things are static, worlds grow cold, and what were once glorious fields of battle lay still and barren.
The problem is not simply with lazy warriors. The vital energies on which we all depend are fading away... it shouldn't happen like this... yet it is! It is dying, and the First do nothing to prevent it!
Because the First don't understand. They have no idea of the connection between their actions and the whole.
Yes. They need... motivation. They must be forced to reignite the cycle...
Why look only to the First? There are many worlds open to you, so many people...
If you were to step in quietly -- walk among them, then a subtle touch, to add just a small mark of your passage -- a sign.
Your sign.
Imagine... each world, one soul, marked with the sigil, opened to the power. Come...

FOR INSTANCE, A PLACE ALREADY RICH WITH MYSTERIES. GIVE THEM ANOTHER TO PONDER, AND WHAT HAS BEEN THE UNEASY RITUALISTIC ALLIANCE OF JEALOUS GUILDS SHATTERS!

THESE PEOPLE USE THE ENERGIES OF THE WHOLE TO DO MAGIC AND THEIR DAILY EXISTENCE IS POPULATED WITH MINIATURE MIRACLES. WHEN EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS ARE EVERYDAY LIFE, IT WILL TAKE A PHENOMENAL EVENT TO CAPTURE THEIR ATTENTION.

Ah... this place is so steeped in energies, it makes it possible to believe that things can be made right again!

THEY CAN. YOU CAN START ALL OF IT AGAIN. YOUR SIGIL-BEARERS WILL DO IT FOR YOU: YOU JUST HAVE TO PROVIDE THE SPARK. REACH OUT, FIND THE ONE SOUL MOST ATTUNED TO YOU, THEN IGNITE IT!

The notion is intriguing...

HERE... ANOTHER PLACE. ONE WITH UNTAPPED POTENTIAL EAGERLY AWAITING A FOCUS.

A shame that no one here has touched the nature of the mysteries of the Whole before now. the lives of these people must be so very plain.

THEY'RE ON THE EDGES OF AN INTERSTELLAR WAR. I DON'T THINK THEY HAVE THE LEISURE TO PROPERLY APPRECIATE THEIR BOREDOM.

At least they understand the nature of conflict. that's half the battle.

IT'S ONLY A GAME TO YOU; IT'S A DEADLY WAR TO THEM.

Once life is not a game, it's all over... and don't think I don't see yours at work: you want to lead me to your way of thinking.

IF I COULD ONLY THINK OF A WAY.

For you to outthink me? didn't I create you? all of this?

Come, let me lead *you* now.

Here. This... was my first world.

Time and evolution have changed it from the simple world it was. But look at how it has grown!

New races of man have even been created, although I see that they are treated as less than men.

You care about their treatment? You surprise me. This reveals a more complex side of your own nature than you've previously let show.

WE ALL HAVE TWO SIDES. ONE PROTECTS OUR OWN DESIRES. THE OTHER INCLUDES THE NEEDS OF OTHERS.

THESE SIDES ARE OFTEN IN CONFLICT. OPPOSING FORCES DRAWN INTO ETERNAL BATTLE--NOTHING LIKE THE TIRED POSTURING OF THE CEREMONIAL SOLDIERS WE SEE HERE.

We've seen little battle of late. Their mock combat needs to be hammered into the steel of true war. Their old hatreds need to burn again.

THEN LET US FORGE AHEAD, TO A WORLD WHERE THOSE FIRES ARE BUT FADING EMBERS.

Where are we?

ON THE EDGES OF THE BLEAK ZONE. THE VERY SPOT WHERE IT ALL SEEMS TO DIE AWAY. THIS WORLD ITSELF IS A THING OF RARE BEAUTY RAVAGED BY THE CHANGES OF TIME. A PEARL DELICATELY POISED ON THE EDGE OF AN ABYSS.

IT HAS SURVIVED ONE CATACLYSM AND ITS PEOPLE THRIVE IN THE RESULTING SKY CITIES. MANAGING A TENDER BALANCE BETWEEN THE RESOURCES AVAILABLE TO THEM AND THEIR OWN DESIRE TO POSSESS MORE.

You show me BALANCE-- you offer me no challenge! no intrigue!

NO ARGUMENT. MODIFY THE GAME TO SUIT YOUR DESIRES. AS LONG AS IT HAS THE NEEDED RESULT. LOOSING MORE ENERGY INTO THE WHOLE. DO AS YOU WILL.

SO... ARE YOU CONVINCED? GIVE OUT THE SIGIL? TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, ONE OF THESE CRAFTSMEN AND EMPOWER THAT ONE WITH YOUR SIGN. MOVE TO ANOTHER WORLD, FIND ANOTHER, AND SO ON. THEN STEP AWAY AND ENJOY THE FIREWORKS.

Why just one?

I WAS THINKING IN TERMS OF EFFICIENCY. THE NUMBER IS UNIMPORTANT. A SMALL NUMBER MAKES FOR A CLEAR BURDEN ON EACH; TOO MANY, AND THEY LET SOMEONE ELSE DO THE WORK.

As we have already seen with the First. STILL...

What will I tell them, these Sigil-Bearers?

GIVE THEM NO WARNING, NO DIRECTION; LET THEIR ACTIONS DICTATE THE FLARE OF THE SIGIL.

THIS WILL REENERGIZE YOUR WARRIORS, BRING THEM BACK TO THEIR PURPOSE. HAVE THEM FIGHT OFF THE CHILL OF THEIR CURRENT ENNUI.

You mean Cross-Generation.

YES. POWER FROM CONFLICT. ENERGY CREATING ENERGY.

AS THE NEW ONES WORK TOWARD THEIR OWN DEFINITION, THEY SERVE YOUR NEEDS.

I TELL YOU, YOU COULD START A NEW CHAIN OF CREATION TO STOKE THE COOLING FIRES OF THE WHOLE.

I feel it growing warmer already.

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MYSTIC

SKETCHBOOK

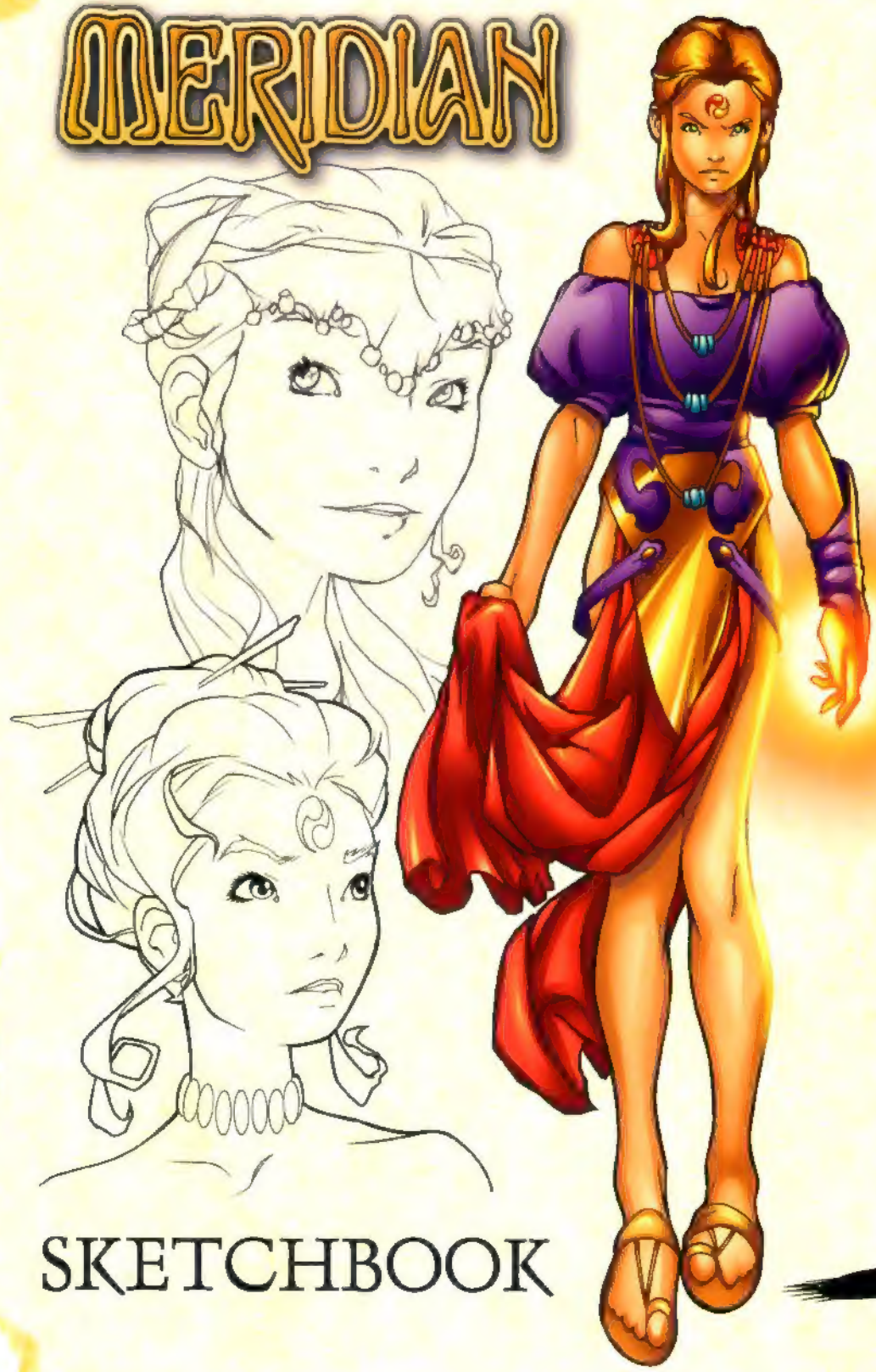
SIGIL

SKETCHBOOK

Scion

SKETCHBOOK

MERIDIAN



SKETCHBOOK